WE ASKED OUTDOOR PEOPLE:

"Is this fact important to You?"

VALUE! "Camels are manufactured from costlier tobaccos," says Charley Belden, Wyoming rancher. "No wonder they have such a rich, cool flavor!"

MILDNESS! "I smoke Camels because they are mild — pleasing to my throat," says Miss Helene Bradshaw, an enthusiastic horsewoman.

HEALTHY NERVES! "I have smoked Camels for fourteen years, without a sign of upset nerves," says Bill Horn, former Gold Cup winner.

FLAVOR! "It's been thrilling to have a part in the vast enterprise of building Boulder Dam," says Erwin Jones, Boulder Dam engineer. "Plenty of strain, too. When I get tired, there's nothing like a Camel. Man, what a swell taste Camels have! Mild, cool, and mellow! You can tell they are made from choice tobaccos, because they don't get 'flat' or tiresome in taste when you smoke a lot."
Phos turns the spotlight on—

Current Anecdotes

Voo Doings ............................................. 7

The Faculty Flash

Playboy of the Culture-Pushers ........... 8

Burlesque

The burlesque page ................................. 10

Running a Magazine

Phos at Work ........................................... 11

Your Fund of Knowledge

Aren't You Sure? ................................. 14

Boston Night Life

Phos Steps Out ........................................ 16

Undergraduate Gossip

The Microscope ........................................ 18

Current Books

Over the Critic's Shoulder ...................... 20

Popular Music

Hummin' to Myself ..................................... 22
CAL CAMPUS
defines "BELOW and AFT"

Below the missus—after the blonde!

WHILE
SAILING AMERICAN
TO EUROPE

CAL'S nautical definitions appear rather silly. But we must hand him an orchid for the super-intelligence he displayed when selecting a ship to Europe. Maybe he just followed in the trail that smart American travelers everywhere have been blazing to our piers. At any rate, he chose the Washington—and he's mighty glad!

The new Washington, you know, and her famous twin, Manhattan, are America's sensations of the sea! World's fastest cabin liners, they offer wonderful value with their astonishingly large cabins—all with real beds, air-conditioned dining salons (exclusive in the service), indoor tiled swimming pools, spacious decks and many other features. And the costs are so small! Cabin Class $167 one way; $309 round trip. Tourist Class $113 one way; $204 round trip. If you prefer informality and quiet comfort—choose the popular Pres. Harding or Pres. Roosevelt. In Cabin Class you enjoy the very finest the ship offers—and that's plenty! The fares? Only $126 one way; $234 round trip.

UNITED STATES LINES
Associated with American Merchant and Baltimore Mail Lines to Europe; Panama Canal Line to California; U. S. Lines and Panama Pacific Cruises, 560 Boyleston St., Boston

PHOS PRESENTS
SOME OLD FRIENDS

"Just one more for old time's sake!"
"Oh, I couldn't go to the follies with you — those shows embarrass me so."

RIGHT, men. No innocent little blaze could produce fumes as overpowering as that stewy pipe and villainous tobacco.

Some men are like that: they smoke too-strong tobacco in a never-cleaned pipe until they haven't a friend left. Fortunately, the number of Sir Walter Raleigh fans grows by the hour: men who keep their briars tidy; men who prefer this mild blend of Kentucky Burleys that is calm on the tongue, tempting to the nose. Try it — and Sir Walter will have another friend!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-54

'It's 15¢ — AND IT'S MILDER
GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN — TODAY I'M GOING TO SHARE WITH YOU A LITTLE ARTICLE I'VE DASHED OFF, ENTITLED 'THE EVIDENCE FOR DATING THE EDDIC POEMS — SO WHAT.' THIS IS GOING TO BE TOUGH TO TAKE.

I QUOTE — 'DESPITE THE CRITICAL TRIUMPHS THAT MODERN SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH HAS MADE, THERE ARE A LOT OF PROBLEMS WE'VE GOT TO SETTLE ABOUT THESE ICELANDIC POEMS — STARS FELL ON ICELAND!'

MAY I LEAVE THIS THOUGHT WITH YOU, THAT MANY FACTORS MUST BE DISENTANGLED BEFORE WE DARE TO REACH FINAL CONCLUSIONS ABOUT THE RUNIC INSCRIPTIONS —

[Cartoon panel with characters discussing]

I INVESTIGATED PRINCE ALBERT — FOUND IT THE MILDEST AND MELLOWEST PIPE TOBACCO GOING! M-M-M-M-M — IT SURE HITS THE SPOT!

GET ABOARD PRINCE ALBERT!

Milder! Burns longer! Crimp cut special process removes all "bite" America's favorite pipe tobacco!
Voo Doo's

SPOTLIGHT NUMBER
TALLULAH BANKHEAD

in a new Comedy
"SOMETHING GAY"

by Adelaide Heilbron

with

HUGH SINCLAIR—WALTER PIDGEON

Now at the

PLYMOUTH THEATRE
**SPRING**

We know Spring is here. The signs of it are quite evident. There are less students in all the classes. There is more talking, more horse-play. On many faces there has appeared that blank look common to idiots, absent-minded professors, and college boys in love. Yes, the spirit of Spring has captured everyone but Phos, who must keep eternally busy. Ah, well, back to the grind.

**TWINS**

All the way from Texas comes the story of the twin brothers who were so alike. It seems that the two young gentlemen went to a fraternity party and, just to make it interesting, decided to swap dates. Everything went fine, so they decided to see the exchanged girls home. Much, much later, they met at the door of their own fraternity house. Both brothers looked worn. Both were touseled. And both exclaimed in voices equally tremulous, "What in hell have you been telling that girl?"

**BASEBALL**

It was the first baseball game of the season and eleven thousand stalwart souls braved the dubious weather to see the Braves and the Red Sox do battle. Our hero, slightly under the weather, was in the grandstand, smoking a big cigar. Directly in front of him sat a young lady, wearing a light summer dress, with low neck, and was eating a hot dog. At a crucial point of the game the young man became so excited that he leaned far forward and allowed the cigar to drop from his mouth. At first, the girl did not realize what had happened. Then she came to life. "Help!" she screamed, "I'm poisoned!" The young man tried to reassure her, and mumbled something about a cigar. Slowly she began to understand —or think she did. She took one horrified look at her half-eaten frankfurter, gave forth one last shriek, and fainted.
POCKETS

We recently had a new pair of pockets put in our pants. The old ones had been quite worn out by the hard usage of more years than we care to admit. Our last attempt at having the pockets replaced resulted in their being sewn up by the tailor, so that their volume was reduced by about one-half, and so that they soon developed new holes. But now we have new pockets, and it is with quite a thrill that we put our hands in them. We withdraw them with reluctance. Their smooth newness, their comfortable depth make them things of perfection.

Yet we regret the passing of our old pockets. Something has gone with them, old, worn, torn as they were. We used to derive a mental satisfaction out of putting our hands in our pockets. Memories of passed glories paraded across our mind. Every object that had been kept in those pockets had left its imprint, to be recalled, when we indulged in the pleasure of placing our hands in our pockets, in our memories. All that is now gone, departed with the old pockets. A purely physical pleasure has replaced a great mental pleasure. We think we should have had those pockets framed.

SCROLL INITIATES BULL
AT INFORMAL DINNER

—The Tech, April 12.

Moo-o0-o0!

Of all the budding artists around this noble institution, I defy any one of them to fit a pair of scanties on a simple sine curve.

PLAYBOY OF THE
CULTURE - PUSHERS

He is supremely aware of his exaggerated frontal development. He has an office with Van Gogh prints in one corner and whisky bottles in another. He is admired by many of his students and is famous for startling pupils with sensational frankness. He is thoroughly disliked by many of his associates, but a definite sycophantic tendency keeps him on good terms with the "higher-ups." He is a parlor pink in theory, but voted Republican in the last election. He is the head of many a movement for better things. And none realizes better than himself what a valuable influence he is.
WHAT AN UGLY MUG!

THAT'S THE BOY FRIEND

WHAT AN UGLY MUG!

YEAH, HE EATS WITH HIS KNIFE—

AND HE DANCES LIKE A TEN-TON TRUCK—

BUT HE DRIVES A FORD V-8!
She stood on the stage at midnight
   When the band was beginning to play.  
She smiled a sweet smile at the boxes,  
   At the men who were able to pay.

Oh, she looked not at me in the third balcony,  
For she had no looks for a poor guy like me.

She began to undress like a siren,  
   For that was exactly her trade.  
A stripping burlesque queen in action;  
   'Neath it all a charming young maid.

Oh, she looked not at me in the third balcony,  
For she had no looks for a poor guy like me.

All the men in the boxes were leering  
   In that manner that burlesquers know.  
How I jealously watched all this acting  
   As the maiden each feature did show.

Oh, she looked not at me in the third balcony,  
For she had no looks for a poor guy like me.

She led all the men into thinking  
   That her every evening was free. 
She left all the optimists gaping  
   As she left the stage door with me.

Oh, she had no looks for the third balcony,  
But I didn't expect it—she's married to me!
I'm new to this game, and I was plenty surprised when I found out how it was done. Here we have a magazine, appearing once a month, and with a large and seemingly capable staff to get it out. You would think that there would never be any difficulty about getting enough material, aside from the nasty job of getting ads in these times. Yet for some reason it is not all so easy. As some one once put it, roses aren't the only things that smell. Let me show you what I mean.

The staff begins work about nine. Up to that time they have been sitting around the office saying, "Well, it's about time we got to work, don't you think?" To which comes the inevitable reply, "Yebbut — " This is the mystic pass word of all true artists and comedians of the type prevalent at colleges.

Finally a start is made. This start always is a false one, brought to an end by the discovery that there isn't enough material to fill the spaces between the ads. The latest aspirants to the staff have handed in a lot of stuff, but most of it isn't fit to print.

Aside from this material there are two three-line jokes submitted by mistake. They were not intended to be printed so soon, not having aged well enough.

Everybody, from general manager down, promptly gets paper and pencil and sits down to write something clever. One man does manage to produce a clever little item on the trouble a man has to balance his budget. It turns out that he was the treasurer, and he wasn't being clever. One man has got an idea, though not very clearly, and after wondering how to start for about five minutes, finally gives up and writes a new slam at the college paper. This one will rollem ina aisles: "My frand, you stink." "No, that's just The Tech which I have in my pocket." Finally in desperation somebody gets the idea of calling on the literary staff. They never come around to the office, and as a consequence never hand in any material. But they can usually be counted on to supply ideas over the telephone on the last night.

Tonight the literary staff does come through, and with a bang. One man admits that he has something which he wrote several weeks ago, but never handed in. (It later turned out to be an English theme on a perfectly serious subject, but it was unanimously chosen as the funniest thing in the issue.) The sales manager, who is official go-getter, goes and gets, while the rest of the staff sits down to write up both of the other ideas.

Having material, the actual assembly begins. It starts with the front cover, which in this case is a picture of a roll of toilet tissue, (since after the last issue the faculty board demanded a clean up campaign). The fifth page is the frontispiece, which proudly announces that "we" proudly present the Clean-up issue. The ads luckily use up a lot of space. In fact there are almost enough ads to cover expenses this month. The original articles and pictures fill a few pages, especially when the usual space filling gags about the fly-in-the-soup joke-to-end-all-fly-in-the-soup jokes, or the line on how-to-get-a-date-for-the-prom are hastily written and added. All in all, the magazine is pretty well filled by this time. In fact, fewer exchange jokes than usual will be used this month. Not more than two or three magazines full.

The process for selecting jokes at first is very simple. A joke which is good enough not to be disgusting is printed. Occasionally a man lets out a roar as he finds the joke of the year: "Baby, you've got what it takes." "Yes, and I suppose you want to take what I've got." There is a pause as somebody wipes up the mess. One of the staff members has split a gut. Finally the magazine is assembled, and completely prepared for the printer. The usual practice following this is to get drunk. This usually is an unsuccessful attempt, since all of the liquor has been consumed during the evening. But it is time to stop. The editors are yelling for me to hurry this up. It's the last thing to go into this issue.—J. H. KLABER.

See that fellow over there? Yes, what about him? Oh, he's a terrible guy, awful lowlife; let's ostracize him. O. K., you hold him and I'll do it. —Widow
Managing Board of the M. I. T. Voo Doo

EVERETT H. CARGEN, Jr., '36

General Manager

GEORGE S. TRIMBLE, Jr., '36
Managing Editor
GORDON C. THOMAS, '36
Business Manager
H. Frank Homan, '38
Sales Manager
Rufus P. Isaacs, '36
Editor
Philip H. Peters, '37
Literary Editor
Given A. Brewer, '37
Circulation Manager
Leo J. Kramer, '36
Assistant Art Editor

WM. B. DU PONT, '36
Business Manager
R. Vincent Kron, '37
Treasurer
Arnold Potter, '38
Assistant Editor
Duncan Emery, '37
Advertising Manager
Benigno Sanchez, Jr., '36
Art Editor
John B. McCrery, '37
Publicity Manager

Associate Editors
Harry M. Gallay
Douglas Chalmers
Alvin J. Garber
John C. Tebbets, Jr.
Joseph Klaber
Francis S. Stein
Martin R. Cines
David A. Werblin

Business Associates
Richard D. Purcell
Robert J. Brauer
Fred F. Tone
Harry B. Hollander
Norman A. Birch
Frederick W. Reuter
George E. Hadley
Delwin M. Campbell
John H. Craig
James C. Livengood
David E. Irving
A WORD OF EXPLANATION

Last month you witnessed the first efforts of Voo Doo's new board toward the setting of a new standard. The response accorded those efforts convinced us that we were moving in the right direction.

So with the Spotlight Number we take another step toward the building up of a magazine that will please you—a magazine that will set a new style and a new standard for college comics—a new Voo Doo.

OPEN HOUSE

The day is approaching when the Institute will again open its doors to many thousands of its friends and neighbors. It is an opportunity for us to show ourselves to the public as we would be seen. Let us hope that we all shall recognize the seriousness of our responsibility, and shall comport ourselves in keeping with the dignity of the institution for which we are acting as hosts.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We are glad to announce that the author of last month's feature story, "The Science of Kissing," is Mr. Wesley R. Cilley, '38. We are especially regretful about the omission of Mr. Cilley's name because of the large number of enthusiastic comments aroused by his article.
AREN'T YOU SURE?

Turn the spotlight on yourself with Voo Doo’s latest questionnaire—Add your percentage of right answers to your cumulative rating and multiply by one-half your telephone no. and you have your I. Q. (Intelligence Questionable).

Check one of the suggested answers:

1. Tech is ............
   - Hell
   - Toothbrush
   - Factory
   - Institution
   - University Delicate (adv)

2. The best publication at Tech is:
   - Voo Doo Voo Doo Voo Doo
   - Voo Doo Voo Doo Voo Doo

3. The largest single group at Tech is:
   - Janitors
   - Bulletin Boards
   - Course XV Coeds (catch on?)
   - Brownbaggers

4. Three of the following are not Tech Professors:
   - Darwin
   - Da Vinci
   - Copernicus
   - Pasteur
   - Archimedes
   - Archipelago
   - Franklin
   - Zilch
   - du Pont

5. Two of these are not Tech coeds:
   - Mae West
   - Marlene Dietrich
   - Jeann Harlow
   - Max Baer

6. Status quo means:
   - Giddap!
   - Open House
   - Whoo!
   - I dunno.
   - 40 - all
   - The mess we’ve in.

7. The greatest riot at Tech was held in:
   - Imagination of students
   - 1842
   - 1620
   - 1932

8. One of the following is the best mathematician at Tech:
   - D. L. Rhind
   - Eddie Pung
   - Emma Rogers
   - N. Weiner (adv)
   - Cashier at Walker

9. “Slave-Driver” is:
   - Term applied to Simon Legree
   - A myth
   - Teacher at Tech
   - a good guy (adv)

10. F equals ...
    - ma
    - Open house in Dorms
    - pa
    - em-dee-vee-dee-tee

11. Elevator is to Bldg. #10 as cold molasses is to:
    - Little brown jug
    - Malcom Campbell

12. “In the red” is a term applied to:
    - Blushing brides
    - Bloody nose
    - Indian reservations
    - Tech Show

13. The word Chauleolandrophiladric is correctly pronounced:

14. The Mayor of Boston is:
    - Mayor Mansfield
    - F. W. Mansfield
    - Frederick Mansfield
    - “Good Old” Mansfield
    - Jas. Curley

15. “The Tech” is pronounced:
    - Thee Tech
    - The Tetch
    - A lousy publication
    - Official mouth organ

16. “We do it for less” is a slogan used by:
    - Walker Dining Halls
    - St. Botolph Street
    - Dingee
    - Boston Police Dept.

17. One of these words is misspelled:
    - Tech is swell.
It always has stopped raining

© 1935, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
PHOS STEPS OUT

There was a young fellow from Perth,
Who was born on the day of his birth.
He was married they say,
On his wife's wedding day,
And he died on his last day on earth.

Sally and Jack's
Pseudo-Bohemianism all over the place. While you sip your ale, you can sing songs and fraternize with the owners. Very nice in its own way. The clientele is quiet and sensible.

* * *

Brown Derby
Dine, dance, and floor show—all very much O. K. The head waiter is a hard customer, so mind your manners. The place has gained in popularity during the winter. Cover charge, naturally.

* * *

Phos was pleasantly surprised by the number of favorable comments occasioned by the institution of this new feature in last month’s issue. And he was also pleased that most of his friends shared his opinions.

Above is presented a continuation and supplement to last month's list. Phos plans to make this a regular feature of the magazine, and any suggestions will be gratefully received. See you next month!
Just as a golfer needs both hands

A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO MUST HAVE BOTH MILDNESS and FLAVOR

MILDNESS in a pipe tobacco is important, to be sure. But mildness alone is not enough. A good pipe tobacco must have both MILDNESS and FLAVOR. Then it's a comforting smoke.

In Edgeworth you get the blandest blend you can pack in your pipe, because it is made from the tenderest leaves of "the mildest pipe tobacco that grows." And then you get that rich full-bodied flavor that has won thousands to Edgeworth over the last thirty years.

Economical, too. On account of the way Edgeworth is prepared for your pipe you will get more hours of pipe smoking than many cheaper tobaccos provide. It's not the first cost—it's what it costs to keep your pipe going that counts.

Try Edgeworth and get higher pleasure at lowest cost per hour.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 150 pocket packages to pound humidor tin. Several sizes in vacuum packed tins. Made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro., Co., Richmond, Va.

EDGEWORTH HAS BOTH MILDNESS and FLAVOR
THE MICROSCOPE

SPECIFIC . . .

The dorm Lotharios are seeing Boston’s hospitals. . . . R. D. (“call me Dick”) Smith is making frequent trips to the Lying In . . . and Bill Bode knows the same young lady, who, by the way, has red hair. Mr. John Goldfuss was seen at the Massachusetts General the other night . . . escorting something that looked pretty nice. And Norm Carlson will no doubt be spending his easy money at the Mass. General while Farmer Current and Jack Silverman hope for better luck next time.

The boys are wondering just why Jack Hamilton, captain of the soccer team, is learning to dance . . . it’s a case of true love versus Southern hospitality with Fred Lincoln . . . freshman crewman Ernest Underwood is meeting a sweet young thing at a Central Square church . . . her name is Dolly . . . no, we don’t mean the church. We hear that Henry Runkle had a very good time on his last trip to Jersey . . . wonder if it was as merry as that party at Montana’s?

Jim Carr is becoming an expert at picking horses to come in last . . . Herb Matchett was on the receiving end of an ingenious arrangement involving a light switch and two firecrackers . . . and on that same evening some gentleman with a lamentable lack of respect for authority stacked the room of dorm chairman Johnny Mooring . . . and we hear that Sophomore Edgar Smith still holds a grievance against his freshmen abductors of last fall.

Joe Vallone is being razzed for his militarist statement to the Techie . . . freshmen playboys Ray Epstein and Irv Freydburg have made important connections at some of Boston’s better night clubs . . . there’s a girl named Jean at the Ten Friends. Freshman track star Welcome Bender is playing tennis with the daughter of coach Oscar Hedlund . . . and wondering about subbing tennis for track.

AND VAGUE . . .

Prosperity is attending the freshman who is selling ready-made chem lab preps . . . a dorm scientist will have to explain away the effects of concentrated NaOH on his room-mate’s bedroom slippers . . . and for the benefit of two other research workers, let us remind them that the commercially prepared sex hormones are damned expensive.

A couple of Delts discovered, to their sorrow, the price of Hotel Statler ice cubes . . . a Sophomore English class still wonders if their instructor was

(Continued on next page)

"AT THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE WORLD"

Consistent centrality. The only hotel with its entrance on Times Square. Engineers, oil barons, movie stars, New Deal-ers—everyone from everywhere stops at the Astor. They stop to meet, eat, talk, dance and sleep.

HOTEL ASTOR

Entrance TIMES SQUARE
THAT’S NEW YORK!
Fred A. Muschenheim
quite sober on one fateful occasion . . . the portly freshman co-ed has vowed undying affection to her Bronx chemist . . . a Beacon Street Junior went to the cleaners in royal style at one of Back Bay's most exclusive gambling houses.

Uninitiates hear rumors of dorm poker parties with a century note in the pot . . . a Brookline senior got into an embarrassing mix-up at Peter Bent . . . the Bay State Road Beau Brummel was very annoyed when an inebriated brother began to ask his super-refined Wellesly date if she knew how the bull lost his tail . . . and was even more surprised when she nonchalance gave the answer.

A certain Simmons blonde will be glad to know that she is being royally chiselled . . . by an Emerson Zeta, of all people. And a visitor from Smith learned what four gin rickeys plus one Buick roadster adds up to. There's an aspiring freshman track man who jeopardizes his chances by frequent trips to Watertown . . . and a wrestler who is having a severe case of heart throbs over a girl from back home.
Walton Lunch Company

Office:

1083 WASHINGTON STREET

655 Tremont Street 242 Tremont Street
420 Tremont Street 1083 Washington Street
202 Dartmouth Street 44 Scollay Square
629 Washington Street 332 Massachusetts Ave.
30 Haymarket Square 19 School Street
6 Pearl Street 437 Boylston Street
540 Commonwealth Ave. 26 Bromfield Street
1215 Commonwealth Ave. 105 Causeway Street

Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology Are:

78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

They were dancing lightly and he held her tightly in his manly arms. He closed his eyes for a time and danced here and there in ecstasy. She looked up into his face and suddenly his eyes opened. The music stopped.

"Come, let’s go out on the porch," he muttered thickly. He stole a glance at his partner. Never had he seen so ravishing a beauty. He took her in his arms.

"Oh, darling, I love you. Say you will be mine." She looked again into his eyes.

"I’m not rich like John Brown, and I haven’t a car, or a home, but I do love you and want you terribly."

Two soft, snow-white arms reached around his neck, and two ruby lips whispered in his ear: "Where is this man Brown?"

—Tiger

And then there was the freshman who thought that a CCC man was a Spanish movie director’s assistant.

—Wampus

OVER THE CRITIC’S SHOULDER

Rats, Lice, and History

—Dr. Hans Zinsser.

More amusing than sinister. The good doctor can make you laugh at some pretty deadly facts, but goes a bit too far when he tries to trace all history to individual cases of indigestion.

Pylon.

—William Faulkner

The critics called it sordid, neurotic, and second-rate Jocean, but we liked it even though it left us bewildered most of the time.

Man on the Barge.

—Max Miller.

Mr. Miller just can’t get off the waterfront. This is a barnacle-bitten hodge-podge written in the traditional Miller prose, which is ideally suited for fourth-grade reading classes.

Of Time and the River

—Thomas Wolfe.

Beautiful English, but confused and uncertain narrative. An "Important book," and a dull one.

Farewell to Fifth Avenue

—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Entertaining, incredible, mildly cynical gossip of the super-social-register. In spite of ourselves we have to agree with the critics that young Mr. Vanderbilt would have done better to stick to the rotogravures.

(Continued on next page)
Francis the First  
—Francis Hackett

Fully as good as “Henry the VIII” in spite of the lesser fame of the subject. Mr. Hackett’s growing popularity is well-earned.

Magnificent Hadrian  
—Sulamith Ish-Kishor

The author tries to disprove all the nasty things which people have been saying about her hero for almost two thousand years. She uses fixations and complexes to explain the emperor’s strange attachment for a handsome young lad named Antinous. But in spite of it all, it’s slow reading.

Death in the Air.  
—Agatha Christie

You won’t like the conclusion—the author doesn’t play fair. Otherwise it’s typical Christie stuff in an airplane over the English Channel.

Drunk finds the keyhole and stamps into the house, where he stumbles around looking for the lights. Wife pipes up—“Is that you, Henry?” No answer. A big crash of glass.

“Henry! What in the world are you doing?”

“Teaching your goldfish not to bark at me.”

—Log

It was Christmas morning. The family were all gathered at the breakfast table, and with them the mother’s beautiful friend, who was visiting the family during the holidays. Every one was in a high state of excitement, talking about his presents.

“And what did Santa Claus give you?” father asked the beautiful friend, with a sly smile.

“Nothing, I hope,” she answered.  
—Tiger

A couple of boys out in loway were discussing the recent drought. One fellow had some wheat which he had managed to harvest.

“The drought sure has made the wheat short this year.”

“Short? Say, I had to lather mine to mow it!”

—Chaparral

He called his hat “Mae West,” for it couldn’t be felt for one ninety-eight.  
—Rammer Jammer
HUMMIN' TO MYSELF

In spite of the howls of the mob we still deplore the tremendous flurry that is being made over Sigmund Romberg's *When I Grow Too Old To Dream*. It's just a nice, unpretentious little melody which has been seized upon by a notoriously nit-wit public and made into a smash hit. But every time we hear a bartender or a street-walker getting sentimental over those sugary lyrics, we feel like kicking shins.

The tunes from "Anything Goes" are still going strong, and Mr. Porter must feel quite satisfied with himself. Preference is shifting from the overworked, over-parodied *You're the Top* to the even trickier *I Get a Kick out of You*. And *All Through the Night* is one of those tunes to which one turns down the lights, grabs something in an evening gown, and slinks. It's perfect for fraternity dances.

While we're on the Cole Porter theme, we can't overlook the boom for *Miss Otis Regrets*. The poor lady has been missing luncheon engagements for quite some time now, and it is about time that the general public became aware of her charms.

*March Winds and April Showers* is regulation stuff—it will remind you of *Hot Dogs and Sarsaparilla* and others of the same vintage. In the Columbia recording, Ruth Etting sings very agreeably and obliges with one of her tricky changes of pace.

*I Was Lucky* is a good number in spite of the mass of Chevalier imitators it has spawned. One can't even listen to an amateur program without hearing lower lips protruding.

Eddie Duchin is taking the lead in reviving *Stormy Weather*—another example of a good song that was burnt out too fast. Glen Gray has a marvelous arrangement of *Limehouse Blues*. The Dorsey Brothers

(Continued on next page)
are improving steadily, and helping build Decca's reputation. Fats Waller is gaining in popularity with some people, but not with us.

Tit-bits: *Solitude* is being massacred continually—not one band in ten can do it justice. *My Heart is an Open Book* isn't quite up to the Gordon & Revel standard... people are wondering what has happened to Irving Berlin... *The Hunkadolla* is another Continental... all the shopgirls are singing the *Lullaby of Broadway*... *Soon* is Crosby's best bet from "Mississippi"... and, in conclusion, if you ever hear any argument as to whether *Serenade for a Wealthy Widow* was, or was not cribbed from the Mechanization Ballet of the 1934 Tech Show, we have it on good authority that both were inspired by a well-known symphony by a composer whose name we have unfortunately forgotten.

**PROGRESS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Action</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2 - 7</td>
<td>Played with dolls.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 - 17</td>
<td>Sneered at dolls.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 - Inf.</td>
<td>Played with dolls.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A man came into a store with a very small dog under his arm. An Irishman was standing near and after a few minutes of close observation he asked the stranger what breed his dog was. The man replied that he was a cross between an ape and an Irishman.

"Faith, then," replied the Honorable Patrick, "he's kin to both of us."  

—Medley

**CARDINAL RICHELIEU**

starring

**GEORGE ARLIS**

with

**MAUREEN O' SULLIVAN—CAESAR ROMERO**

Week starting Friday, April 26th

**LOEW'S STATE**

"Where's Joe?"

"He's over eating at Walker."

"Don't be silly. Who ever heard of anybody over-eating at Walker."

"So we named the baby Weather Strip because he kept father out of the draft during the war."  

—Froth

"Jim is goina Europe."

"Shasho! Wha'sa dope?"

"He'sh shailin' ona shixsha Deshember."

"Sha damfine boat. Wen' over on 'er las shum-mer!"  

—Lampoon
There's Never a Dull Moment at

AMERICAN

★  ★

HOUSE

RATHSKELLER

- LEO HANNON and his
AMERICAN HOUSE ORCHESTRA
- WALTER DONAHUE
MASTER OF CEREMONIES
- BIG FLOOR SHOW
- 7-COURSE DINNER $1.50
- CHOICE LIQUORS

NO COVER CHARGE — FREE PARKING

BANQUETS — FUNCTIONS
We invite M. I. T. organizations to investigate our special rates for banquets and other group functions.

Irate Father (to slightly inebriated daughter entering at 3 a.m.): What does the clock say?
Daughter: Tick-tock, and the dogs say bow-wow and the cats meow. —Boston Beanpot

Mark Anthony: "I want to see Cleopatra."
Servant: She's in bed with laryngitis.
Mark Anthony: Damn these Greeks. —Carolinian

"Here, young fellow," cried the irate father, "I'll teach you how to act with my daughter."
"You needn't bother, sir; she's already shown me."
—Rammer Jammer

THREE WAYS TO END A DINNER CONVERSATION

1. Ask the lady on your right if she's married. Should she say, "Yes," ask her if she has any children. If she says, "No," ask her how she does it.
2. Ask the lady on your left if she is married. If she says, "No," ask her if she has any children.
3. Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says, "Yes," ask her if she is married.

—Punch Bowl

"I wear this gown only to teas," said the debutante.
"When?"
"Not when. Whom."
—Gargoyle

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

E. D. Abbott ............................................. 23
American House ....................................... 24
American Tobacco Co. ................................ BC
Astor Hotel ............................................ 18
Brooks Bros. ........................................... 19
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Co. .................. 3
Cafe de Paris ........................................... 21
Coop ...................................................... 21
Edgeworth Tobacco Co. ................................ 17
Ford Motor Co. ......................................... 9
Hicks & Shaw ........................................... 20
Kaywoodie Pipes ....................................... 22
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. ......................... 15
M. Linsky & Bros. .................................... 22
Loews State Theatre .................................... 23
Prince Albert Tobacco Co. ............................ 4
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. ........................... IFC
Shubert Theatre ....................................... 6
United States Line ...................................... 2
Victoria Hotel .......................................... IBC
Walton Lunch .......................................... 20
DESTINED FOR

An Insistently Approaching

Spring . . .

Is the now assured success of the Victoria "English Hunt Room."
The Hunt Room is austere in its simplicity—is frankly masculine. Yet it de-
nitely appeals to all dates. As spring approaches all our dispositions and our
temperaments are indeed softened by the subtle combination of day and night
life in moderation. As a rule this type of life draws a certain percentage of
humans so oddly, fantastically put together that one wonders where they came
from and where they go . . . maybe as Dorothy Parker recently remarked . . . "They
crawl back into the woodwork" . . . but the Hunt Room draws
a superior percentage of these humans. This spring the Hunt Room will pre-
sent the "Sterling Mark" of the day and night life in Boston . . . to those
who represent the superior percentage. It has been said that it is a great kind-
ness to trust people with a secret. They feel so important while telling it.
The Victoria Hunt Room is no secret . . . but if there are people that con-
sider it their own special find . . . we hope they will eventually pass the good
word on . . . with the address listed below (it's most important).

THE VICTORIA

English HUNT ROOM

COPELEY SQUARE ZONE
BOSTON, MASS.

LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS FROM 50 CENTS
Luckies

LUCKIES USE ONLY THE CENTER LEAVES
THE CENTER LEAVES GIVE YOU
THE MILDEST SMOKE.

They Taste Better